

AIR CALIFORNIA

MAGAZINE / VOL. 2 / NO. 11

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AIR CAL BOARD ACCEPTS PSA ACQUISITION OFFER

J. Floyd Andrews, president of Pacific Southwest Airlines (PSA), and Carl A. Benscoter, president of Air California, have jointly announced that an agreement in principle has been reached whereby PSA will acquire the assets and assume the liabilities of Air California for 181,421 shares of PSA stock. In addition, 226,890 shares of PSA stock will be reserved for issuance on conversion of Air California debentures or exercise of various options and warrants.

In the event Air California has a deficit in its stockholders' equity greater than \$3,690,544 on the closing date, PSA has the right to withdraw from the transaction.

The purchase is subject to the approval of the shareholders of Air California, the California Public Utilities Commission, as well as the lenders of both companies and may require the prior approval of the Civil Aeronautics Board.

On making their joint announcement, both presidents cited the benefits to both companies and to the California travelling public that will result from combining the two companies.

PSA serves the California commuter market with over 1,150 flights weekly at low fares. In the first nine months of 1969, PSA carried 3.3 million passengers at a revenue figure of \$43.3 million. PSA estimates they

will carry a total of 4.5 million passengers in 1969 with a total passenger revenue of \$59 million.

Air California serves the San Francisco Bay Area from Orange County, Ontario, Burbank and Palm Springs airports in the Southern California area. Starting service just three years ago, fast-growing Air California estimates it will carry approximately 830,000 passengers in 1969 for a total passenger revenue in excess of \$12 million.

Both airlines operate Boeing flight equipment. PSA flies 14 Boeing 727-200's and nine Boeing 737-200's. Air California operates six Boeing 737-200's.

As well as gaining from equipment utilization, there is expected to be a cost savings from combining maintenance and other areas of both company's operations.

"PSA will be strengthened by this acquisition, not only in routes and equipment, but by the addition of Air California's young and aggressive management with the same type of esprit de corps as now exists among the personnel at PSA," Andrews said.

PSA, who celebrated their 20th anniversary in May of this year, is now recognized as the number one carrier between Los Angeles and the San Francisco Bay Area, the world's heaviest travelled air route.



PHOTO BY GLEN HATFIELD

"A good leg will fail, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, a curled pate will grow bald, a fair face will wither, a full eye will wax hollow; but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon . . ."

Shakespeare — King Henry V

By PATRICK McNULTY

Walking briskly, Gus Banks breezed out of the Air California office on Post Street as if on the first leg of a five mile hike. A green four-door sedan with "United States Marine Corps" painted on the door was waiting at the curb. Banks strode up to a tall, blond Marine sergeant holding open a door and, democratically extending a hand, said:

"I'm General Banks."

For a brief moment the Marine gazed at the rugged looking civilian standing there in a Brooks Brothers

suit with a blue replica of the Navy Cross glistening in the lapel. Then the Marine snapped off a salute. You don't get your stripes in the Marine Corps by going around shaking hands with generals even if they are retired and wearing a Brooks Brothers suit.

"Sergeant Snow, sir, I'm your driver."

Gus Banks' eye tarried briefly on the three rows of decorations above the breast pocket of the sergeant's crisp suntans. Then, ducking his head, Gus Banks climbed into the back seat. The sergeant shut the door and slid behind the wheel.

"Where to, sir?"

"U.S. Naval Hospital in Oakland."

"Yes, sir."

Moments later we were gliding along in light traffic Bay Bridge. It was a brilliant winter day and across the bay the Campanile at Berkeley was clearly visible sticking up from a low marijuana smog bank. Our destination: the amputee ward at the Naval Hospital in the sunny hills outside Oakland. It was a familiar trip for Gus Banks who has spearheaded a grass roots social and unofficial rehabilitation program for the wounded young men returning from the Viet Nam battlefield.

Sitting next to me in the sedan, Gus Banks looked about the same as when I first had met him several years ago. He's a big rugged guy who on *What's My Line* would be quickly picked off as a Marine general. In those days Gus Banks frequently dropped by impromptu cocktail parties at my ocean front pad at Capistrano Beach. I was then an Associated Press sports writer and the people I knew often introduced themselves at parties by saying things like "I'm Walter Kelly a Hollywood movie director", or "I'm Jerry Hulse a reporter for the Los Angeles TIMES", or even "I'm Brennan McClelland and I've got a liquor store up at Laguna Beach". And you could count on a few eyebrows being raised when someone would have his hand pumped by a big guy in a luau shirt who'd say, "I'm Gus Banks and I've

Gus Banks, Air Cal Vice President, has spearheaded an unofficial program for the rehabilitation of wounded young men returning from Viet Nam.

got a regiment over at Camp Pendleton".

As we moved to the Oakland side of the bridge, Gus Banks talked about his visits with the wounded Viet Nam Marines. It began spontaneously about four years ago when Gus Banks and his attractive wife, Jane, dropped by the hospital "Just to say Hello to a few of the Marines". Gus and Jane talked about the visits at cocktail and dinner parties around the San Francisco area. Soon a lot of people were getting interested in the amputee ward at the hospital. One was Victor Bergeron who's better known as Trader Vic, the restaurant tycoon.

There were others and, as time passed, in addition to hospital visits the amputees who could move about were getting invitations to homes for dinner parties. The Oakland TRIBUNE ran a story on the project and more invitations flowed in. There were automobile trips to the Napa wine country, theater tickets and luncheons aboard

yachts in the Bay.

Trader Vic, who had lost a leg when he was six years old, often invited small groups from the amputee ward to his restaurant where they were paired off with airline stewardesses for an on-the-house, soup-to-nuts Chinese dinner. A San Francisco bank president, who had lost an arm as a World War II bomber pilot organized a dinner at the Admiral's Cabin, of Trader Vic's Restaurant in the City. The dinner was limited to amputees, their wives and girl friends. Some of the gals were flown on privately-chartered planes from as far away as Montana and Wyoming. Gus Banks, who didn't make that party, commented almost ruefully, "because I'm not an amputee".

And so what started out as a spur-of-the-moment hospital visit to a group of wounded Marines turned into a richly rewarding personal experience for everyone concerned. Gus Banks said that once a visitor gets over the shock of how cruelly these boys are mutilated, he is aware of other qualities. Those qualities certainly include bravery and, above all, "an example of what the human spirit is capable of under extreme duress". After several visits, Gus Banks added, "a visitor comes away with an acute awareness of the pleasure of their company". In an age of the anti-hero, the visitor to the amputee ward is rewarded with a rare opportunity to meet men who are, quite simply, heroes.

As the Marine Corps' sedan moved through Oakland, Gus Banks said in a crackly voice that still bears a trace of a New Jersey accent: "You just have to respect these young guys, not only for what they've done out there in Viet Nam, but also for their attitude and where they're going from here. You love them, yes I think that's it — you really love them and you know damn well they're going to be good citizens as a result of a little interest from people on the outside . . ."

Gus Banks talked on, commenting that Viet Nam was certainly an unpopular war and returning wounded heroes often don't get the

respect that their sacrifice and devotion to country warrants.

Noticing that Sergeant Snow's battle ribbons reflected Viet Nam duty, Gus Banks asked how he felt about it. The sergeant replied:

"Well, actually I was just damn glad to make it back, sir."

However, Sergeant Snow added that he was really irked by the attitude of some anti-war zealots that he had met in San Diego on his first liberty after his Viet Nam duty. "Sometimes," he said, "I'd be out at a bowling alley or bar someplace and some joker would try to blame the whole war on me . . .

"Sometimes they'd even swing at me," said the big sergeant from Watsonville, who looks rough enough to play linebacker for the L.A. Rams. The sergeant thought a minute and then added thoughtfully, "Or sometimes maybe I'd swing on them."

In the back seat a grin flickered on the face of Gus Banks, obviously happy to be in the company of a real Marine.

"Are you TI or on a duty station, sergeant?" Gus Banks asked.

"Duty station, sir."

"Staying in the Corps for a career?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Good for you."

Gus Banks thought a moment and then said quietly:

"That's the way to do it. Go in early and get out early. That's what I did."

Gus Banks joined the Corps after graduating from Virginia Military Academy (class of '36). His folks had him programmed Harvard business school and a career in the business world. However, in his senior year at VMI, Gus Banks had attended a lecture by a snappy Marine in dress blues — Lemuel Shepherd who later commanded the Corps. That did it — he was hooked.

After VMI Gus Banks signed on as a second lieutenant for the grand inducement of \$125 a month and a \$40 housing allowance. It was, he said, "the greatest decision I ever made". His World War II record reads like a history of the Marine Corps. He was a lieutenant colonel

"In an age of the anti-hero, the visitor to the amputee ward is rewarded with a rare opportunity to meet men who are, quite simply, heroes."

at 26 and an executive officer to Jimmy Roosevelt with the 4th Raider Battalion at exotic Pacific vacation spots like New Georgia Island. Gus Banks got his Navy Cross — the highest decoration short of the Congressional Medal of Honor — at the infamous retreat from the reservoir in Korea. He retired from the Corps ten years ago and joined the executive ranks of Air California as vice president in June 1967.

As the car moved off into the sunny hills outside Oakland, Gus Banks talked Marine Corps with the sergeant. What was the toughest stuff the Viet Cong was throwing his way? The sergeant didn't hesitate — those rockets — the big RPGs (rocket propelled grenades) that, when they whoosh over the jungle, sound like a hunting dog breathing heavily. The sergeant added, "There's the big B-40, a big long deadly pencil that can crack through a 12 foot rock barricade. When you hear that, 'Sergeant Snow said, 'you've got two to five seconds to get under cover.'"

A few moments later Sergeant Snow pulled the sedan to a stop next to the curb outside the glistening, white hospital nestled in the hills. Gus Banks climbed out of the back seat and walked gingerly to the elevator. A few moments later we were sitting in the office of Rear Admiral H. Paul Mahin, who is in charge of the hospital. If it weren't for his suntans with the star on the collar, the admiral, a tall, lean medical doctor, would fit the Hollywood stereotype of the kindly, homespun small town family physician. His speech is sometimes peppered with "Goodness gracious" and he talks with folksy inflections lingering from his days as an Iowa farm boy.

The admiral explained that the hospital is the West Coast center for amputees returning from Viet Nam. There is another center for the East Coast near Washington, D.C. The Oakland hospital is also a center for the Navy program for prosthetics research and in recent years there have been major developments trimming stumps and in making and fitting artificial limbs.

"That's progress, I suppose," the admiral said quietly, "if war can be considered progress."

The admiral added that many of the young men in the amputee wards are alive because they were wounded in a war that relies a great deal on helicopters. Frequently, an almost fatally wounded Marine will be helio-lifted to an aid station within 20 minutes after being hit.

After emergency treatment he is flown, if his condition permits, to the Oakland hospital where the real rehabilitation begins: shrinking the stumps and the fitting of artificial limbs. Sometimes men who have lost both their legs are walking again within two months. Of course, the more cruelly wounded sometimes stay in the hospital half a year. But one of the most impressive aspects, according to the admiral, is that "Nobody breaks. Losing a member can be a big wallop — a big psychological wallop. But these kids come through it magnificently. Nobody breaks. They get a lot of help from their families and rela-

The war record of General Banks reads like a history of the Marine Corps — and the kids know it.

tives and, perhaps most of all, from the other amputees in the ward".

Strolling down a few doors from the admiral's office, Gus Banks walked into the first ward and announced "Is anyone in here a Marine?"

"I'm General Banks and I'm happy to meet you," said Gus Banks extending his hand. "How's it going?"

The Marine in the wheel chair replied with a shrug, which probably translated into Marine Corps sign language as: The chow's O.K. general, but we need some more pretty nurses.

"Where did you get hit?"

The young man in the wheel chair thought a moment. "In the Delta. On a patrol. I stepped on a land mine. One of those spider land mines."

"What kind is that?", asked Gus Banks with the genuine interest of a Marine who in his day has tip-toed around a lot of land mines.

"Oh, that's the kind they hide under some cardboard and sprinkle a little dirt over it. They're hard to see."

"Have you got your knees?"

"Yes sir, I have."

"Good," said Gus Banks clapping the young man on the shoulder. "You're lucky."

Gus Banks moved past a bed where a smiling young man in a crew cut was stretched out. The stump of his left arm was held high in a traction cast and under the covers it was apparent that his left leg was off just below the knee.

"Are you a Marine?"

"No sir, I'm in the Navy. Boat-swain's Mate, sir," said the young sailor his grin getting broader.

"Well, it's good to see you anyway — the Navy has always been a part of the Marine Corps," said Gus Banks, cracking a tight smile. "Where did you get hit?"

"Up at the Cambodian border at a place called the Ditch. We were in a landing craft and they laid a

rocket in on us. Thirteen guys were killed."

Gus Banks nodded his head thoughtfully. "What are you going to do when you get out of here?"

"I'm going back to school. The government pays for it, you know. I come from a ranch up in Wyoming and I think I'll be a veterinarian."

And so it went around every room in the ward. Gus Banks stuck in his tough Marine face and asked, "Are there any Marines in here?" The conversation often was blunt because as Gus Banks pointed out, "the last thing that these kids need is sympathy".

"How are the stumps," he asked one young man who was reading a magazine in bed.

"They're fine, sir, healing nicely."

"When are you going to be fitted?"

"Next week, sir, as soon as my stumps can take the plaster casts."

Gus Banks flashed that tight smile again and moved along to a young man who was lying in bed and busily punching a typewriter that was on a small table at his chest. Both his legs were off just below the knee and they were fitted with the plaster casts used for the first set of artificial limbs. Beside the typewriter was a pad of paper and a glass full of a half dozen finely sharpened pencils. On the bedside table was a small autographed picture of a prosperous looking, baldheaded man in a business suit.

Where had the young Marine been hit? Just six weeks ago he had been in a truck riding along a bumpy jungle trail when a Viet Cong rocket — the type that Sergeant Snow said sounded like a hound dog breathing heavily — crashed into them. Twelve Marines had been killed. There had been two survivors — the young man in the bed and another Marine who had been blinded.

"You were lucky, real lucky," Gus Banks said.

Then noticing that the young Marine had been fitted for artificial limbs, Gus Banks asked if he were walking.

"Yes, sir. I took my first steps today. It hurt quite a bit but they say that goes away after a while."

What did he plan to do after getting out of the hospital? "I was a junior at the University of Texas when I joined the Marines," he said. "I'm going back and finish and then enter law school. I think I'd like to go into politics." The Marine added that he was passing the time in the hospital by turning out a lot of short stories on his typewriter. He was trying to sell them to magazines.

Gus Banks glanced at the picture next to the Marine's bed and gave a mild double take. Wasn't that a picture of Donald Hittle, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy?

"Yes sir, it is," the Marine said pleasantly, "a friend of the family".

"You know, he was a friend of mine in the Marine Corps — I see he has lost a lot of hair," said Gus Banks, confidently patting his thick thatch of graying locks.

"Yes sir, he has lost a little hair — I guess it's a sign of old age," said the Marine, who couldn't resist giving a Marine general a slight needle.

Later we were back in the car and heading across the bridge to the City. The skyline of San Francisco looked like a gleaming white cemetery in the late afternoon sunshine. For a long time Gus Banks stared out the window. Finally he spoke.

"How about those kids? That guy's going to be a veterinarian." He thought a moment. "And how about that cocky kid who was writing the short stories?" A big smile began building across Gus Banks' tanned face. "Yea, he was a real cocky kid. Wasn't he something. He's going to be all right." And then Gus Banks added quietly, "They're all going to be all right."



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AIR CALIFORNIA MAGAZINE

VOLUME 2 • NUMBER 11

The cover this month is a serigraph by Corita Kent who was formerly known as Sister Mary Corita. It reads: "Help the Big Bird Fall in Love," and is particularly appropriate as Air California's big birds recently did fall in love with Pacific Southwest Airlines. (See the lead story of this issue.) The significance of the words to Air California, however, is accidental, as the cover was chosen several months ago, long before the announcement.

Corita Kent first won recognition as Sister Mary Corita when she was teaching at Immaculate Heart College in Los Angeles. She continues to be a leading figure in the art world now that she has left the religious order. She has been credited with rescuing silk screen serigraphy from oblivion and giving the medium a new artistic significance.

Creating "Pop art with a meaning," she uses such subjects as apples, lemons, and yellow submarines, and mixes them with advertising slogans, quotations from the Bible, Gertrude Stein, and the Beatles, producing brilliantly colorful blendings of design and text. A versatile artist, she has ranged from a large serigraph exhibit for the Vatican Pavilion at the New York World's Fair to advertisements for Westinghouse.

From January 3 to 25, her work is being shown at the Laguna Beach Art Gallery in Laguna. Our use of the cover was arranged through Media Gallery in Orange.

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EXTRA FLY PAPER

UNOFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF AIR CALIFORNIA

AVRIL C. FLOCK CRUISE DIRECTOR FOR AIR CALIFORNIA PLANS EXCLUSIVE CLUB



Avril Flock Jr., III popular cruise director for Air California (but not with the V.P.'s) has instigated a new feature (which is really not new) called the Exclusive Fifty Milers Club. This means that any of the regular Air California passengers that have flown fifty miles or more, are entitled to belong to this really 'IN' club. (One flight from Ontario to Burbank will qualify you . . . the distance being fifty miles). The FIFTY MILERS will be able to take advantage of the private

waiting room which will have an exclusive bar and pin ball machines. An impressive solid plaque will be issued to each member which has a trade-in value of \$83.46 to collectors. In the illustration above you will notice that free snacks will also be served. As usual the management has not been notified of this new service, but Flock says "Mahogany row will really fo' all out' for this terrific 'notion'!" THE FIFTY MILERS CLUB!

8. Gloria Swanson gets ill on buses and trolleys.

FORD TRIMOTOR

40-Year-Old Airliner



Los Angeles Times
R-Sun., Jan. 5, 1969

In a time when it takes just five hours to jet from here to New York, one of the original 40-year-old airliners is still hauling passengers out of the Santa Monica airport at a blistering 100 m.p.h.

A Ford Trimotor, one of the last of the 200 copies of the pioneer airplane, is owned by Mox-Air at the airport and is used these days mostly for excursions.

Gaylord Moxon found the trimotor in 1964 in Idaho, brought it here and refurbished it. The craft is one of a dozen trimotors known to still exist in this country.

Lake Erie Fleet

The largest fleet of trimotors known is the three owned by Island Airlines of Port Clinton, Ohio, which flies them about the islands of Lake Erie and surrounding areas.

This is the last known regular airline use of the ship which once heralded giant steps in commercial aviation.

Several of the trimotors are in museums.

According to Moxon, who has been flying and refurbishing old airplanes since 1942, trimotors such as the one he owns were the first to have all-metal enclosed cabins, the first to use airborne radar and the first to include a stewardess.

Passenger comforts in the wood paneled cabins are far from what air travelers expect today.

The trimotors carried three fuel tanks of approximately 125 gallons each. Flying time before refueling was required was about five hours, Moxon said. At a flying speed of 100 m.p.h. and its limited fuel capacity, "it was quite a trip from coast to coast — around two or three days," said Bob Setterberg, who with Moxon flies the trimotor.

"But in those days—depression days—that was pretty good," he said.

Christened 'Graceful'

Since he found his trimotor sitting idle in an Idaho field, Moxon has not only reconditioned it but is also attempting to trace its history.

As far as he can learn the craft was christened "Graceful" and sold by Ford Motor Co. in 1929 to the old Transcontinental Air Transport which used it for passenger and mail service. TWA, successor to TAT, also carried passengers coast to coast in it.

The Radio Corporation of America (RCA) bought the Graceful and used it as a flying laboratory. Later it was flown to Alaska and used there to haul troops around during World War II.

Eugene Frank bought the trimotor in Alaska and trucked it down the Alcan highway to Caldwell, Idaho, and converted it for use as a crop duster. Moxon bought it from Frank.

Because of federal regulations Setterberg says this airplane must land at the same airport from which it takes off. This, of course, eliminates cross country passenger hops. As a result, the Graceful

flies to gatherings of airplane buffs where it is used for short joy rides.

Setterberg says a variety of comments come from people who ride in the trimotor or just look it over during air shows.

"Many people say this is the kind of airplane they got their first ride-in and they are glad their kids can do the same," he said.

Moxon, who has several rebuilt airplanes — and pieces of others—in his hangar here, pointed out trimotors originally had no radios and no room for one in the control panel. He buried a radio in the floor between the pilot and copilot seats. The

control panel is so small that some dials are mounted on the engine housing. One engine hangs beneath each wing and a third is in the nose of the ship.

There are two rows of rather stiff looking passenger seats and a narrow aisle, metal padded seats recline slightly, individual bud vases and individual air vents at each seat. The air vents are merely controlled holes in the cabin walls and when a trimotor

came into a dirt field and kicked up some dust or mud, it came into the cabin.

Moxon said he and Setterberg log about 100 hours in the trimotor. He says it is just as easy to fly as some later model airplane but landing and taking off is more difficult because of more recent mechanical improvements.

"It may not have been everything," Moxon observed, "but at least everyone had a window seat."

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LOST: On Flight 270 to San Francisco November 20, man's small address and phone number book. \$10,000 REWARD! Write or wire Box 86, Fly Paper.

CLASSIFIED

LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: On Flight 240, 2-30-69 light brown male curr dog who answers to the name of Sport and bites. Goods of this type will be disposed of when left more than 30 hrs. Can be seen at hanger 39, Air Cal. Ask for Rover.

WILL SACRIFICE six cases of Hadacall never been opened. Box 205 Fly Paper.

PERSONALS: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Yetiva Applegate (last known address Columbus Square) please contact Velveeta Beaverstien Gen Del., San Francisco, Calif.

PERSONAL: Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Velveeta Beverstien (last known address in the San Francisco area Height Ashburry) please contact Y. Applegate Gen. Del. S. F.

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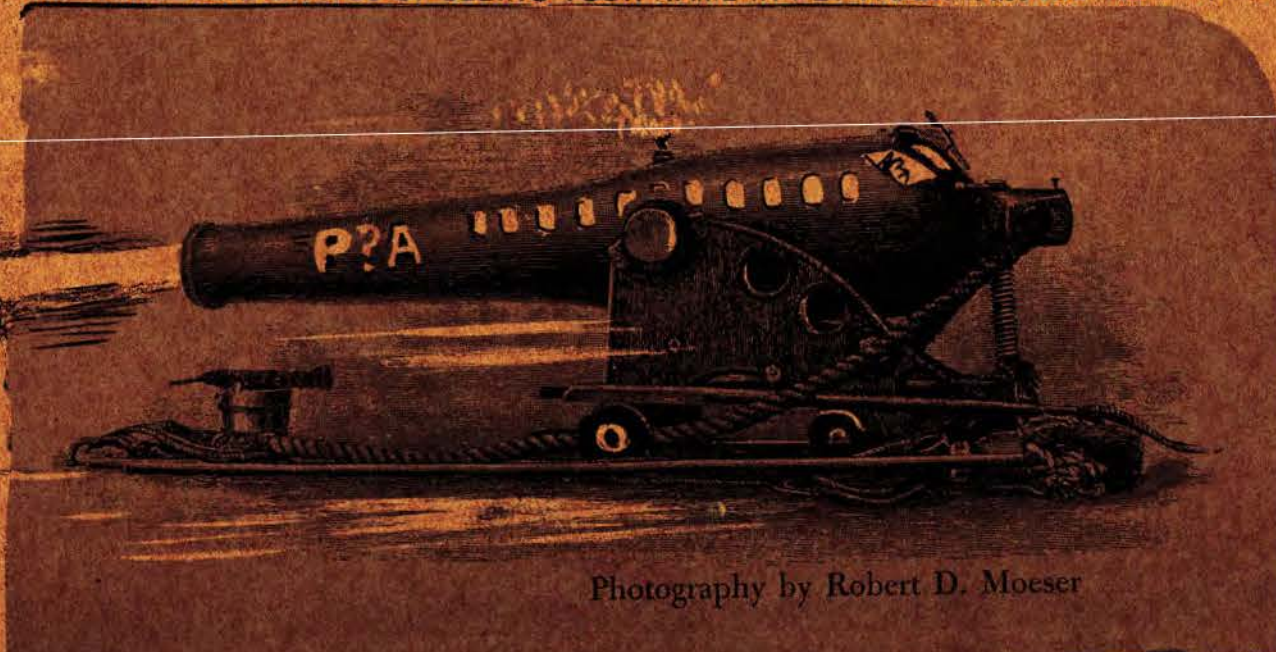
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Photography by Robert D. Moeser

ANSWER ON PAGE 1333

Write a caption for this wrong picture



"I'll ask the Captain!"

CLASSIFIED LOST AND FOUND

FOUND

Found on Flight 207 Thursday 22nd womans light swade purse with solid gold inatials welded to handle (initials R.J.B.) contents listed as follows: one shocking pink lipstick mfgd. by Arden, one powder (face) mfgd. by Avon Calling. Ladies handkerchief, one bottle perfume by Channel, one pair ladies pig type skien gloves, one paper back book entitled Candy, one wallet containing all major credit cards with name Romana J. Barnssable 207 Hellhold Drive Ontario Cal. also in the wallet a sizeable amount of cash to the amount of \$670. was found. THE PERSON CLAIMING THIS PURSE MUST BE ABLE TO INDENTIFY it in minute detail. Contact Eddie Frumm Baggage Dept.

LOST on Flight 502 a doggie that answers to the name of Porkey contact A. W. Root, Box 2222, San Jose.

PERSONALS . . . Helmut Fertig, call your mother . . . P. O.

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NEWS IN BRIEF



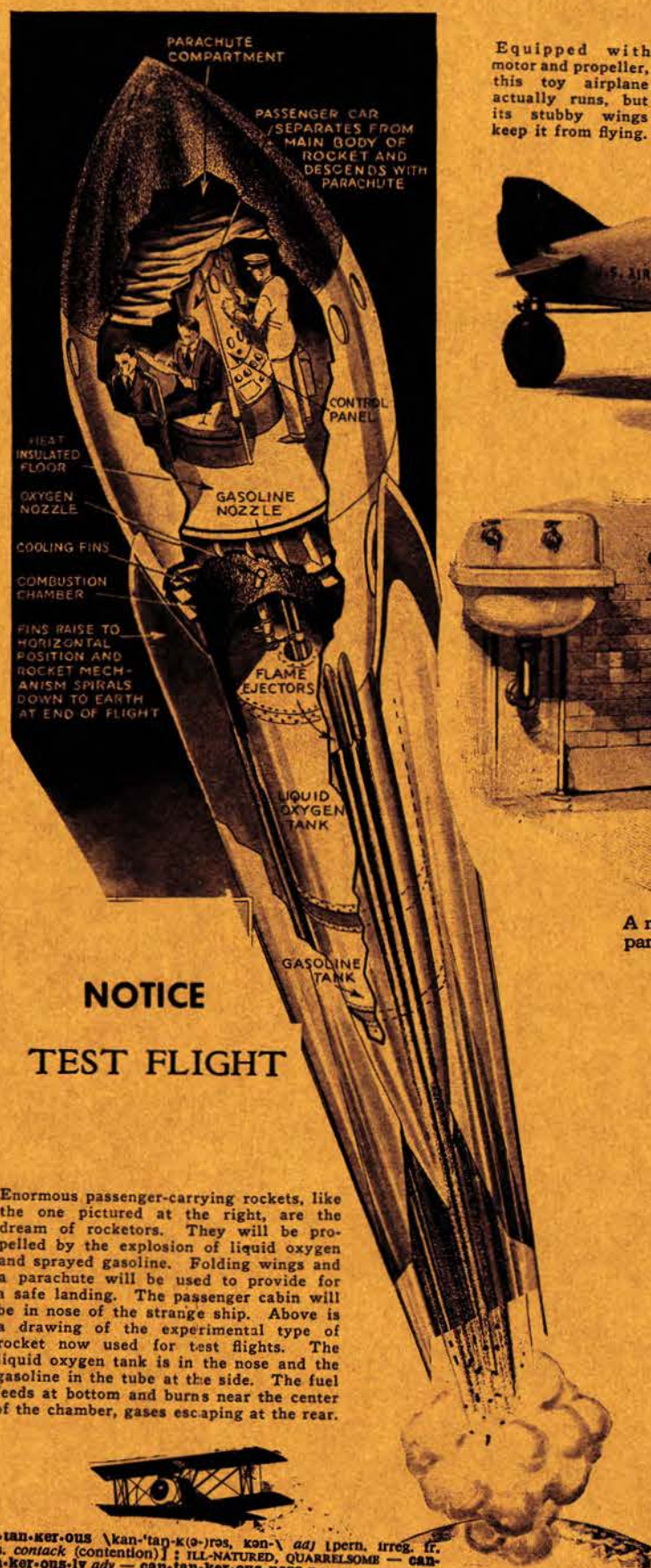
Lieutenant Nixon (third from left)

BE MET AT THE AIRPORT BY ONE OF OUR ALERT AND COURTEOUS HERVIS DRIVERS

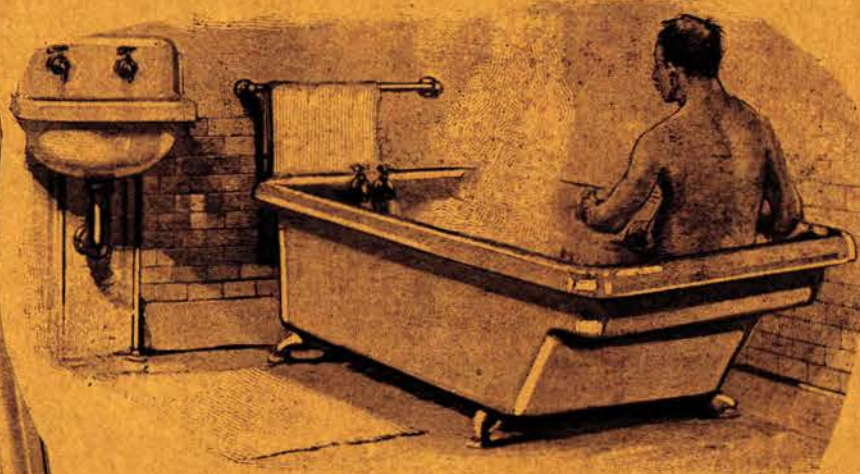


"Say Hervis, we're not first, but we're pushyier!!!"

SPACE AGE SCIENCE NEWS



Equipped with motor and propeller, this toy airplane actually runs, but its stubby wings keep it from flying.



A new bath-tub is so designed that it offers the occupant either a head-rest or a seat at one end of the tub



She suffers from rheumatism, but expects to be cured soon, for she is wrapped in an electrified blanket; the wires are carefully woven in

can-tan-ker-ous \kan-'tan-k(ə-)rəs, kən-\ *adj* [pern. irreg. fr. obs. *contack* (contention)] : ILL-NATURED, QUARRELSOME — **can-tan-ker-ous-ly** *adv* — **can-tan-ker-ous-ness** *n*

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BUT WAS A COMPLETE BUST!

EATING ON THE FLY PAPER BY CHOLLY KNICKERS



The subject for this month in my etticate column is on the ever increasing practice of taking your pets with you when dining out in public. Actually it is against the law in most cities except Bakersfield . . . some pets are considered unsanitary (not to their owners) but to the Department of Sanitation or whatever it is. I have seen ladies at diners open their purse and feed one of those midget dogs that she has slipped past the Matre De'. This is the very worst kind of table manners and anyone bringing pets to dinner have got to be the lowest type class. Even in the illustration above, although the horse appears to be clean and well groomed, IT JUST DOESN'T LOOK GOOD!!! I have just written a book called EATING WITH THE HELP AND PETS which is yours for a dime and a self addressed envelope (to me).

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Breakfast on the trail — cooks and trail crew meet at dawn outside Greenville for a hearty breakfast. It will be six or seven hours before the drive reaches the next camp and the men enjoy another meal.

"HEAD 'EM UP! MOVE 'EM OUT!"

"Head 'em up! Move 'em out!"

This is the cry (long familiar to TV fans) that signals the start of the cattle drive. A sound of the past? Not quite. For a handful of California cattlemen, the cattle drive is still a practical and expedient method of moving their herds.

Roy Carmichael, 1968 California Livestock Man of the Year, was eight years old in 1905 when his father took him on his first cattle drive. Each spring, the Carmichael cows and their new calves would be driven along the Old Marysville—La Porte Road from Browns Valley, east of Marysville, to Table Rock in Sierra County. There the cattle would graze on the rich summer pasture until late fall, when they were rounded up and brought home to the lower elevations for the winter. Carmichael retraced this route every spring for the next 28 years.

Today the route is different, but the cattle drive remains a part of Carmichael's ranching routine. Now 73, he still drives his cattle to the mountains every June and counts himself among the few cattlemen in California not entirely dependent on trucks and trains to move his animals. The going is slower on paved roads, but when Carmichael starts to move 600 or so of his cows and calves toward the high country, the setting is as it was at the turn of the century.

Not all the cattle are trailed to the mountain range. The bulls and the cows with heavy steer calves are trucked to the high country. The heavier cattle aren't particularly suited to a long drive, and Carmichael doesn't want to stress these valuable animals. Of the 625 head of cattle on last year's drive, about half were cows with one to three month old calves, and the rest were yearling and two year old heifers.

Last year the round up began in May. After five days of gathering and sorting cattle on his home ranch in Vina (elevation, 200 feet), Carmichael headed his herd northeast to the foothills (elevation, 1200 feet) and the first stop on the trip to the mountains. There he held his cattle for three weeks while he and his cowhands gathered the heifers left the preceding fall.

The long drive began in earnest early on the morning of June 10, as the men and cattle moved out of the foothills toward Obe Fields (3,500 feet) and their first trail camp. From Obe Fields, the drive progressed to Lost Camp (4,500 feet), Deer Creek Meadows (4,600 feet), Butt Creek (4,600 feet), Greenville (3,850 feet), Taylorsville (3,700 feet), and Genessee (3,850 feet). By the ninth evening, the drive had reached the north end of Grizzly Valley; the following day, the cattle moved down into the south end of the valley and were home.

Ten days, two summits (Walker Mine, 6,000 feet, and Onion Summit, 5,700 feet), and 120 miles after leaving Vina, Carmichael and his crew — 6 cowhands, 8 horses, 6 cattle dogs, 1 camp boss, and 2 cooks — arrived at his summer ranch in Portola (elevation 4,850 feet).

Carmichael spent the next five months there, while his foreman Fred Hamilton returned to the Vina ranch

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Cow hands and dogs keep the cattle together as they cross a bridge on their way to Taylorsville. A spare horse follows the cattle until he is needed.

to take care of the 220 "valley" cows and their calves that graze year 'round on permanent pasture. In the late fall, he sold his steer calves and most of the heifer calves before bringing the "mountain" cows back to the lower elevation for the winter. He keeps about 80 of the heifer calves for his breeding herd, to eventually replace the older cows.

In the autumn, the bulls, cows with new calves, and a load of weaner calves were shipped back to Vina on trucks. Cows without calves and young heifers (about 500 head in all) were driven home over the same trail they took in the spring. When the homeward drive reached the foothills, the heifers were turned out for the winter, and the cows continued on to the Vina ranch. Once back in the lower elevations, the men and cattle came full circle.

Carmichael has repeated this cycle for the last 12 years and looks forward to many more drives. Not by any means bound to tradition, he has tried other methods of moving his cattle. For 17 years, he shipped them by rail, but he feels that for his particular operation, driving the cattle to pasture is more efficient, easier on the animals, and less expensive — and he has 65 years worth of experience to back him up.

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Jan. 17-18 and the championships
on Sunday, Jan. 25.

The Sled Dog Races, sponsored by
the Aerial Tramway in Association
with the California Sled Dog Club,
start at noon each weekend, accord-
ing to Tramway General Manager O.
L. McKenney. McKenney urged
spectators to plan to take an early
Tramcar on those days. First car up
the mountain leaves at 10 a.m.

The race course is through the
snow in Long Valley, at the foot of
the trail leading from the Tramway's
mountain station. Twenty teams of
racing dogs will compete. Five teams
will race each Saturday and Sunday
the first two weekends and the four
winning teams will race it out for the
championship on Sunday, Jan. 25.
There is no charge to view the races
and regular Tram fares will prevail
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